

THE
MIRROR

1921

21

1

Phonetic Alphabet

Ray Woodcock

Curie Loheland

Sharon Rogers Wardner



Margaret M. Cornell
"Ray" M. Tate

Alce Austin
George Ashton
George Massey

Borden
Betty M. Fair
Thomas

Cameron
Perry Smith
Muriel Taylor

Bullley
P. S. McKie

Dorothy Keach

Miss Jackson
Miss Jackson

Miss Jackson

M. W. Cornell

Fredericka Walling 1921 age 11

Fredericka C. Walling 1922 age 12

THE MIRROR

Published under the management
of the
Senior Class
1921

NORTH SHORE COUNTRY DAY SDHOOOL
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS



This book is dedicated
by the class of nineteen-twenty-one
to

Miss Millicent J. Taylor
in loving gratitude for her many
kindnesses and loyal spirit.

Advisory Board

Charles T. Mordock, Chairman

Edwin H. Clark
Victor Elting
Robert Ripley
Robert Stevenson

H. Spaulding Coffin
Calvin Fentress
Frederick H. Scott
Willoughby Walling

Faculty

Perry Dunlap Smith

Hazel M. Cornell
Joseph Swanson
Millicent Taylor
Julia B. Childs
F. Niles Bacon
Kenneth T. Price
Mrs. J. W. Stoughton
Thomas B. Stitt
Margaret M. Cornell
Florence Newcomb
C. J. Anderson
Katherine Patch
Everett M. Hiler

Margery Chase
Mrs. Zora Jenson
Mrs. Harold Frazee
Mrs. V. C. Hicks
Grace A. Kee
Jean Ware
Lillian Griffin
Lizah R. Hale
Frances B. Sands
Simone Legrix
Mary Norton
Mary E. Musson
Louise H. Wood

Mrs. Cicely Haas

To Our Headmaster

We're as loyal as of old, Mr. Smith.
For we're the purple and the gold, Mr. Smith.
We're behind you all the way,
Every step of every day,
With our hearts forever gay, Mr. Smith.
We will always love our school of North Shore.
And our love will never cool towards North Shore.
And 'tis you have made it so,
Made our school "up forward" go,
And our cheers will be for you, and for North Shore.

— Senior Class

Seniors



E. Jackson



Robert Ober Clark—Known as “Bob” or “Sabri”; favorite occupation, football; ambition, to eat a ton of fudge; greatest failing, his silence; virtue, his brains; characteristic possession, an angelic countenance; chief expression, “eh.”



Katharine Mordock—Known as “Kay”; favorite occupation, collecting scandal; ambition, to get thin; greatest failing, bluffing; virtue, sympathy; characteristic possession, an orange scarf; chief expression, “You tell ’em.”



Elizabeth Jackson—Known as “Libby;” favorite occupation, a little bit of everything; ambition, Smith College; greatest failing, a soft heart; virtue, loyalty; characteristic possession, lunch box; chief expression, “Oh!”

Roger Fowler Sherman—
Known as "Rodge," or "Monkey;" favorite occupation, pool; ambition, to get out of school; greatest failing, falling; virtue, good nature; characteristic possession, a corduroy vest; chief expression, "Ask Les."



Katherine Anna Bulkley—
Known as "Kay" or "Kat;" favorite occupation, Elsie; ambition, to read 32 books before June; greatest failing, asking questions; virtue, perseverance; characteristic possession, Rigaud; chief expression, "Lord help the dumb!"



Christine Elise Baumann—
Known as "Chris;" favorite occupation, the Studebaker; ambition, to convince Mr. Swanson in geometry; greatest failing, arguing; virtue, ability to keep a secret; characteristic possession, hairpins; chief expression, "Holy Mackeral."



Motto

Esse quam videri

Colors

Purple and Gold

By their ring ye shall know them!



Last Bequest

We, the Senior Class of 1921 of the North Shore Country Day School, having reached a certain degree of sanity through the great efforts of our beloved faculty, upon leaving this Institution of Learning, do ordain and establish this to be our last will and testament.

We bequeath to:

The Kindergarten, our college aspirations—
The Eighth Grade, our deep wells of knowledge—
The Freshmen, our dignity—
The Sophomores, our common sense—
The Juniors, our responsibilities—
The Office, our humor—
Miss Hazel, our new jazz steps.

We further make the following personal bequests:

K. Bulkley—her dimples to Joan.
Chris—her walk to Willoughby.
Lib—her curls to Barbara Groves.
K. Mordock—her size to B. Ripley.
Bob—his eyelashes to Mabel.
Rodge—his slouch to Mr. Swanson.

A Visit to the Moon

On a starry, moonlight night
When the heavens twinkled bright
In the summer month of June
I was carried to the moon.
"Ask, oh Daughter of North Shore,
What the future holds in store,
What the Senior Class has done
In the year of Thirty-one,"
Cassandra spoke. A picture tall
Appeared upon the silvery wall.
Over it a mist dropped low;
Cassandra muttered words and lo!
The mist was gone, and in its place
A living picture filled the space.
A man of strength, and very tall,
Was standing in the spacious hall.
He bowed and smiled to all the throng
Who hailed him with a shout and song,
As Bob Clark, boxer best of all!
The picture changed. I saw a street
All trampled down by little feet.
A lady stood, and rang a gong
To call the pupils in a throng
To studies, in a western school,
To learn to read the Golden Rule.
The pupils passed in single file
Before the teacher, with a smile,
And said, "Good morning, Teacher dear,"
"G'day, Miss Jackson, we're all here."
Again the picture changed. I saw
A stately court-room of the law.
'Twas filled with flowers and curtains fair,
And on the bench, presiding there,
A woman judge held honored sway,
And Christine Baumann ruled the day.
The mist dropped low, and when it cleared
An Eastern mansion then appeared,
A sumptuous and luxurious home,

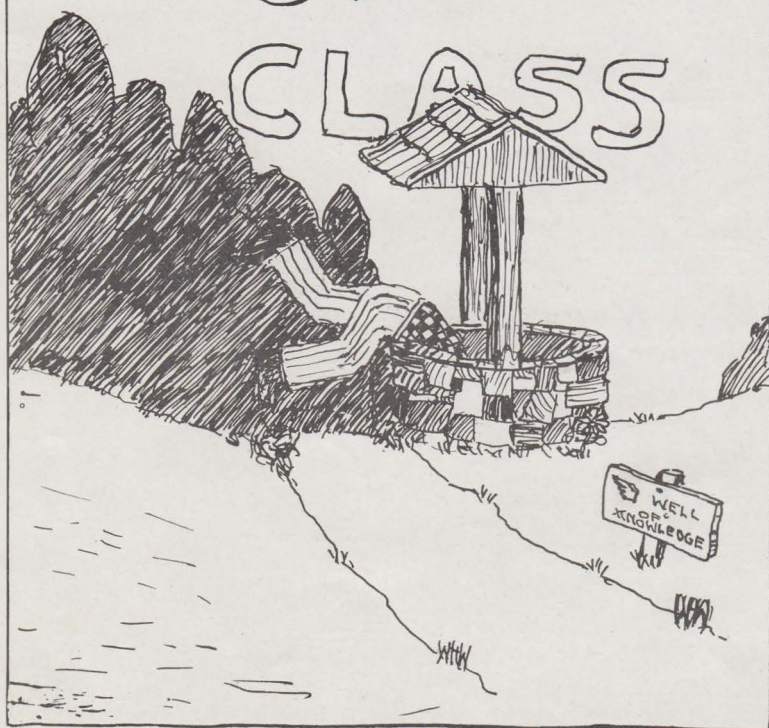
Peaked by a rounded, glittering dome.
The mistress of the place now came,
A dainty and alluring dame.
Her clothes were silk from top to toe,
Her eyes were kept demurely low.
But, even changed from days of yore
When she was at our fair North Shore
I recognized Kay Bulkley, though.
This picture passed. I saw a sign
Which glittered bright like claret wine.
It said, "Best food we will provide
If ye will deign to step inside."
Within, a man in chef's attire
Stood holding weenies on a wire.
'Twas Roger Sherman without doubt,
Unrecognizable, so stout.
Another picture came, and I
Saw many people passing by.
Another lady passed on through,
Cassandra whispered, "Look! 'Tis you."
And I was awestruck then to see
How very thin I seemed to be.
But then Cassandra took my hand
And touched me with her Starry wand,
And pushed me gently, as she said,
"Adieu." And I woke up in bed!

Forever North Shore

Tune: "Netherlands Folk Song"

North Shore we are singing; her praises are ringing;
Our loyalty to her will last evermore.
Far tho' we may roam, our thoughts will turn back home,
Our hearts will cry the same: Forever North Shore.
North Shore we are praising; her name we are raising;
Our loyalty to her will last evermore.
Our friendships are binding; joy we all are finding;
In cheering far and wide; Forever North Shore.
North Shore! North Shore!

JUNIOR CLASS





JOHN MCDOCK
(BOB)
THE JUNIOR
CLASS PRESIDENT



EDWARD HINCHLIFF
(WINCHY)
NOTED FOR HIS
GOOD NATURE



CAROLINE CASE
(CAR-LINE)
THOUGHTFUL PRANCES



SYLVIA HAVEN
(SIB)
A GOOD STUDENT
A HAPPY HEART
= SIB



MALCOLM STEVENSON
(MAC)
CUPID'S TARGET



SAMUEL THOMAS
(SAM)
OUR BASKETBALL
SHARK



MABEL GOLDING
(ELEPHANT)
ATHLETE



WILLOUGHBY
WALLING
(WILLOUGHBY)
OUR PHILOSOPHER
and ARTIST



J. HARRIMAN ROGERS
(SKELLY)
JAZZ ENTHUSIAST



JOAN GOFELLER
JOAN NOT A HFC
BUT A NORTH SHORE



CHARLES RUDOLPH
(PETE)
"FOR HE'S A JOLLY
GOOD FELLOW"



WILLIAM MILLER
(BUTCH)
THE CLASS ORATOR



VERA MCDERMID
Every Body's
Friend.



AUSTIN PHELPS
(AUDY)
HIS BOOK IS THERE
BUT WHERE IS HE?



Pro Juniore Ordine Oratio ad Studentes Scholae Ruri Orae Vergentis ad Septentriones

How many times have you been honored by hearing me address you, Quirites? One can be little else than boastful when giving an opinion of the Junior Class. Now there is no doubt but that each of the Juniors is noted for something distinguished. In the first place, ask who is the president of the Student Council. You say Harriman Rogers. Indeed. He is of the Junior Class, is he not? In the second place, who conducts our Town Meetings? Mr. Rogers, again. And who is that most distinguished one whom was called the Secretary? He who took down the minutes of the meetings? Why, Charles Rudolph; again of the Junior Class. No doubt you recall the Vice-president of the Athletic Association—Mabel Golding, a most noble and excellent lady! And lest you forget, your Executive Committee contains Sylvia Haven and Willoughby Walling, two of our most prominent citizens. I hardly need mention Malcom Stevenson. He is noted the world over for his kind heart, both toward young ladies and his fellow playmates. As for Carolyn Case, you well know that she is one of the most conscientious students in the

school. For how many times have I seen her bending over her school work? I further add that she is very careful in the selection of her vocabulary. Moreover, I maintain that we have in our group Austin Phelps, a most brilliant and learned man. He spends a great part of his time in what our dear Ennius would call "bluffing his teachers." But there are not many times that he gets away with it (due chiefly to our bright and observing Faculty). Certainly it is not necessary to mention Samuel Thomas. His fame as a Latin student has reached everyone, to say nothing of his illustriousness as a basket ball player. When one man is endowed either with such a gift for languages or for shooting baskets he is considered great indeed; but when both are bestowed upon him he seems, as it were, to have been given to us as a gift of the Immortal Gods! Now, is there anyone here who knows nothing of Joan Hofeller? Let him speak. There is silence! You see she has gained her renown! She is everywhere that everyone else is; and knows everything that no one else does. Her knowledge of the actions of the other sex would astonish Jupiter himself. It would be well if she observed what Plautus said, "Children should be seen but not heard." We have, like myself, a number of great orators. Among them is William Miller. He can easily defeat his opponent in any argument, to such an extent that the gentleman would be glad to sit down at the first opportunity. Such is Mr. Miller's oratorical ability. Now, we have among us Edward Hinchcliff, who is as desirous of having words as our aforesaid Mr. Miller. However, his ability to win a case would be rather slim, for the smiles and grins he would give the judges, most severe men, would compel them to throw a copy of Aristotle at him for laughing in their faces. But he has hopes, and if he should speak before someone with great understanding there is nothing which he could not attain. But the greatest is yet to come. I shall say very little concerning him. For you all know him without my having to mention his name. He is descended from a most honorable father and grandfather. His fame as a poet has spread far and wide. But as President of the Junior Class he has won the most distinction. He has acted wisely upon the most serious questions, and has well performed the most vital deeds. All in all, he has set a splendid example for the school and everyone should look up to him, and always remember in after years the name of John Bayley Mordock.

OPHOMORE



B.S.

*Beulah
Stegrud*



Her hair is fixed in little curls
When Beulah comes to school.



Miss Miller puts her tresses up
And keeps the golden rule.



While Elly frizzles hers in front
'Though leaves it plain behind.



And Libby's wealth of dark brown wool
Would almost make you blind.



Les's hair is almost black
And rather wavy, too.



And Alice's so neatly kept
Is of a brownish hue.



M. Fulton's wig quite often looks
As though the wind were strong.



And Kay's is usually the same
(The ends aren't very long).



Do You Remember 'Way Back When . . .

We'd all heard of Rush Butler but didn't know him?

2 John Shaw didn't toddle?

3 Vic didn't guzzle the water?

4 Bob Andrews led the cheers?

5 Pep Williams talked so fast you couldn't understand him?

6 Ray Hardenbergh and Mr. Colletti were such good friends?

7 Squirrel Ashcraft was shy and lady-like?

8 Henry kept good order in class?

9 Marion wasn't called "Old Lady?"

Betty Miller and Van Kirk sat together in 6th Grade?

Buelah wasn't drawing in class?

10 Curtis wasn't indebted to his imagination for his facts?

Libby Clore first entranced one of our number?

We wondered what Alice Brown would be like?

Elly didn't have more than one on a string?

Kay was always on time?

Les had bangs and bobbed hair?

Shaw: Got any jokes for the Year Book?

Elting: Yes, John Shaw!

1923 to 1921

A bright smooth road is your path to be,
 This, on your hand I can plainly see.
 But a road, no matter however good,
 Will have a few ruts—at least it should.
 For smooth sailing is tiresome, boresome, and blue,
 Where a knock on the back is good for you.
 So tighten your belt and take our good heed;
 "Good luck to you, Seniors, and our God Speed!"

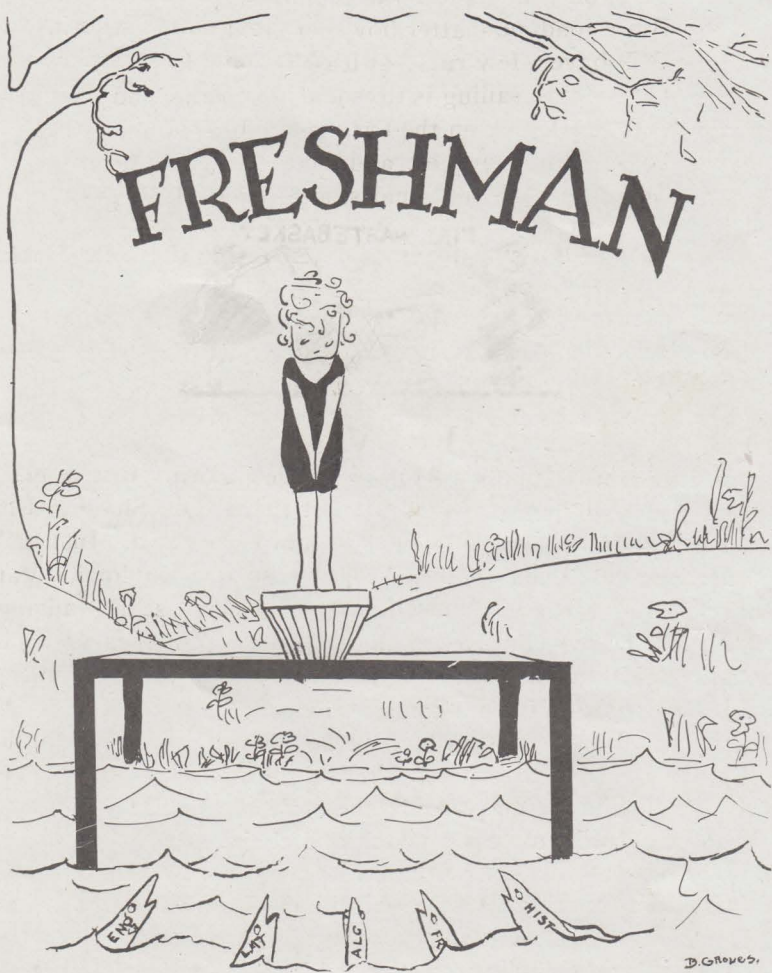


Free Verse

Oh, Elting is a dude. At dressing he's a bear; But when it comes to athletics we fear he is not there; Oh, Shaw is Elting's Buddie dear, can always find him in a crowd. Just look for those old socks of his; They are so doggon loud. Van Kirk is—well, a dude himself. "Van Garter," says Madame. At this our hero gets quite peeved and claims his name is Van. Oh, Squirrel, he climbed a tree one day, out hunting for a nut. He looked into the looking-glass and said, "Oh, gee! what luck" A funny, screaming, comical, roaring, laughing boy who fills the school with mirth and fun, is Curt, our life and joy. Oh, Henry is some boy, we'll say; at studies he is good. But when he gets around some girls you'd think his head was wood. Butler, Pep, Bob, and Ray also shine in mirth and play. But space and time are scarce and dear. The author ends his story here.

Who's Who in Cakes

Spice Cake—Pep Williams; Sponge Cake, K. Adams; Devil's Cake, Curtis Dawes; Angel Cake, Betty Miller; Nut Cake, Squirrel Ashcraft; Marble Cake, Ray Hardenbergh; Wedding Cake, Oh, we'd hate to say; Loaf Cakes, Elly McEwen and K. Adams; Pound Cake, John Shaw; Short Cake, Van Kirk; Date Cake, Rush Butler; Sunshine Cake, Libby Clore.



A Typical Freshman Meeting

Characters: Entire Freshman Class. Place: West 3.

Time: The Present. Setting: Class is seated in and on chairs. B. Ripley standing at Miss C's desk.

B. Ripley:—The meeting will please come to order.

Small Voice—Yes, indeed.

M. Ott:—Oh, Bee, tell them about your new idear.

Class:—Idear! Idear!

B. Ripley:—The meeting will please come to order.

B. Groves:—Well, what's your wonderful idea?

B. Ripley:—For you to draw cartoons for the Year Book.

B. Groves:—Good night!

L. Massey:—We want other things.

H. Anderson:—Naturally, and why can't Mary Ott write something?

(These remarks followed by a storm of others.)

M. Thomas:—Sh-h-h!

B. Ripley:—Will the meeting please come to order. Percy, have you any idea?

Percy:—No-o-o. (Grins from Holly.)

M. Janney (To H. Hardenbergh):—And wasn't her dress adorable?

M. Thomas:—Oh, Helen and Midge, can't you stop discussing clothes for a few minutes?

J. McEwen:—I have a contribution:

Her eyes were like the sunshine;

Her tears were like the rain,

She stole my soul; she stole my heart;

She stole my watch and chain.

B. Ripley:—Charles, what have you to say?

C. Klotz (looking bored):—Nothing—I guess.

(Meanwhile the room roars with conversation.)

B. Ripley (pounding on the table):—We aren't accomplishing anything.

Voice (in an undertone):—I'll say we aren't.

B. Ripley:—When shall we meet again to discuss the year book?

Percy:—Three weeks from today.

M. Ott:—Well, let's hold a meeting a week from tomorrow.



Percy:—No! Three weeks.

B. Ripley:—The next person who spaks without permission will kindly leave the room.

M. Venenma:—You tell 'em.

B. Ripley:—Fare thee well.

Chorus from Class:—Good-bye. (M. V. leaves room.)

M. Vennema (as the door closes):—Well, you won't get anything from me for your old year book.

M. Thomas:—Lovely spirit!

B. Ripley:—Exit Number Two.

M. Thomas:—Let me tell you what I am going to do for..

L. Massey:—One more gone. (Door closes on M. T.'s flying skirts.)

B. Ripley:—Libby, will you kindly refrain from doing your algebra?

Chorus from girls:—Oh, Barb, show them your "Deep Sea of Education" drawing. (Barb passes around her cartoon.)

Johnnie:—Oh, I am so fussed!

Winnie (passing judgment):—Very good! Very well done.

R. Copeland (knocks over a book or two):—Heavens!

B. Ripley:—Less noise, please. I for one will say this meeting has not been a success; will someone move the meeting to be adjourned?

Entire Class:—I move the meeting to be adjourned!

Guess Who?

His features dark, a good physique,
 At football he is quite a streak. . . .? H.A.
 A big fat brother he has, we're aware
 And he himself has straight, light hair. . . .? R.A.
 A heap of freckles and curly hair,
 His penmanship is hard to bear. . . .? d? R.B.
 There is a young girl who keeps a good rule,
 "When you can work it, stay out of school". . . .? M.B.
 She is possessed of short, straight hair,
 And friendship is her quality rare. . . .? M.T.
 Long nose and chin mark his face
 No better scout in the human race. . . .? F.C.
 Very tall, with brown bobbed hair,
 She is gay and free from care. . . .? M.B.
 Breaks the scale when he is weighed,
 But a rep, with studies he has made. . . .? P.D.
 She is slender and fair
 With blond curly hair. . . .? M.E.C.
 She is very good at getting in bad,
 Always cheerful, but this makes her sad. . . .? E.B.
 Tall and straight, sometimes called "Fash,"
 Around in cars you'll see him dash. . . .? W.E.
 Short brown hair, and big blue eyes,
 At her lessons she is quite wise?
 For falling from ladders she sure has the knack.
 For didn't she fall on her poor little back. . . .? B.G.
 Good in base ball, hitting flies,
 Bobbed hair, and blue-green eyes:? R.S.
 She's got quite a pigtail, so they say,
 And according to some she's the girl of the day. . . .? M.J.
 Tanned from the sun, just back from the South,
 He has big ears and a little mouth. . . .? Q.K.
 Golf and tennis are sports he likes,
 His mom' gives cups for tennis fights. . . .? L.M.
 Short and witty, likes the girls,
 But just the ones that have the curls. . . .? J.M.E.
 Sort of stout, with long white hair,
 At playing ball she fans the air. . . .? M.O.
 Freckled face and a real good sport,
 For our president she's the sort. . . .? B.R.
 This young girl owns a beautiful (?) dog,
 You'd know his bark in a London fog. . . .? K.S.
 At basket ball she plays quite hard,
 I'll say she plays a good fast guard. . . .? H.H.
 Short, bright, and full of pep,
 Such is this young lady's rep. . . .?
 Short and fat, and studies hard;
 Some people say she played goal guard. . . .? M.W.

CLASSES 1925 AND 1926



Officers

GIRLS

Pres.—Virginia Wallace

Sec.—Jean MacLish

Treas.—Ashton Wilson

BOYS

Pres.—Albert Grotenhuis

Sec.—Bruce Thomas

Treas.—Talcott Griswold

Colors

Girls—Old rose and green Boys—Maroon and White

Mottoes

GIRLS—Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

BOYS—If at first you do not succeed, try, try again.

Grades VII and VIII do their best,
They work and play and seldom rest,
And when the day is o'er they say,
"We hope we've done some good today."

Class Wonders

Why H. D. objects to "Slap."

Why G. M. has to iron out the wrinkles so often.

If M. M. would be late to her own party.

Why C. P. is always calling "Christopher Columbus."

Why F. S. makes so "Much Ado About Nothing."

Why V. W. is not in the Debaters' Club.

Why J. M. likes "Famine."

What F. W. sees on the floor.

Why the goblins do not get the "Friendly Enemies."

If C. M. was born in "The Peaceful Valley."

If H. S. knows "The Road to Ambition."

If S. B. had "The Light that Failed."

If F. G. likes "Way Down East."

How long R. N. has lived on "Easy Street."

Why R. McN. wishes himself "Back on the Old Farm."

Why H. R. prefers his "Ole Swimmin' Hole."

Whether James Moore's middle name is "Needs."

If the Eighth Grade Girls enjoyed Art on Monday, April 25th.

Why certain Seventh Graders are so attached to Studebaker III.



Faculty Pets

Mr. Price: "Come back to earth, please."

Mr. Smith: "There go the Kindergarteners." - *Heady*

Miss Cornell: "Why, the idea!"

Perhaps the greatest pleasure that has come to the Eighth Grade this year was an opportunity to see Drinkwater's play, Abraham Lincoln. So well was the story portrayed that we shall never forget it, or the period of history it represents. We are truly grateful to the friend who gave the picture now hanging in our English Room, for that is the way Lincoln looked in the play.

Ashton: Oh, Miss Newcomb, won't you put the dictation on the board?

Intermediates?

Yes, indeed! Proud of it too! We may not be needed at High School Social Affairs; we not have many pages in the Year Book; we may be limited in our games with other schools; we may not be allowed much power in the Council; we may not be represented on the Purple and White;

BUT—

We can make more money than any other group at the Bazaar; our boys can do most of the shop work on the Purple and White; we can form ground squads; we can produce cheer leaders; we can give plays and morning exercises; we can get our subscriptions for the Year Book in before any other groups; and we'll always be glad we were

INTERMEDIATES!



BR
Bernice Reply

These are the things we like to do:

We like to sing and dance; we like to play games; we like to work with clay and to make things with our hammers; we like to dig in our garden and go to the woods; we love our doll, Jane; we like to clean our house and put our things away.

The Kindergarten.

Dear North Shore School: We are studying the Indians. They were the first people in our country. The Ojibway Indians lived in our state and in Wisconsin, too. They lived very differently from us—in tepees out of doors. We call them tents. In our grade we are making a wigwam. Ours is not made of deerskin or hide like the Indians' because we can't get any. But we are using potato sacks. They are about the color and size of deerskins. While the squaws are sewing the hides together the braves are getting the tent poles ready and making bows and arrows. Our tepee will be near the sand hills under an apple tree. When you see it all made and put up put on your Indian suit and come and see us.

The First Grade.

Recipe for Building: First thing: First we went around exploring looking for a lot. At last we found one. It was under a shady pine tree. We chose it because it was level and shady. Second thing: Next we started making plans to decide the size of our house. We measured a six foot square on the floor. Then everyone got in it and we decided that it was big enough. Then we measured everyone in height and the tallest child was 4 ft., 5½ in. So we made our house 5 ft. high. Third thing: Then we got some 2-by-4's and started our house. Mr. Hiler and some of the big boys came out and helped us.

The Second Grade.

We want to tell you about ranches so we wrote for you a story called Romaine on a Ranch.

Romaine is a boy of fourteen. He lives on a ranch in Colorado. His father owns the ranch and has about ten thousand cattle and twenty square miles. There are 640

acres in one square mile. Romaine lives in a one story house with a porch around it. Near by is a corral. This is a big yard of three or four acres and is fenced in. Romaine takes care of the chickens, goats, and cows, and helps the cowboys with the horses. He has a pony caled Star Rover.

In the fall the cowboys go out on the ranges and have what they call a round-up. A round-up is when the cowboys go out to the ranges and drive all the cattle into the corral and brand the new calves. Romaine's father's brand is B1B. They pick out the fattest cows for market. The cowboys ride out on horseback. Romaine and his father ride on one side and the cowboys on the other. They throw lassoes over the unruly ones. The fattest ones are taken to the station and sent away on freight cars to the stock-yards in Chicago. Some day Romaine wants to go with the cattle and visit the stock-yards.

The Third Grade.

The May Queen makes me think of May
And all the games I like to play:
Baseball, marbles, and everything;
Makes me want to sing and sing.
A windy day, 'tis a windy day
And all the trees do bend and sway,
The birds are singing from bush and tree,
And there goes a beautiful humming-bee!

The Fourth Grade.

The apple blossoms are in bloom
And birds fly in the air.
The flowers bloom and the bees do hum,
A sign that spring is here.

The birds build nests and sing their songs
They sang the year before,
And baby birds are learning to fly.
We are happy forever more.

The Fifth Grade.

We have done some investigation work. We want to tell you the Story of Rubber.

Frances was going to Para, Brazil, a city in South America much noted for rubber. Her father owned a farm near Para and grew many rubber trees. He had promised her that she might make some raw rubber, so she was eager to reach Para.

On reaching the farm she dressed in a pair of white overalls. She was given a tree of her own and a small knife. She was to make incisions in a triangular shape with a straight cut down the middle. This brought the sap or rubber liquid down the large incision into a small wooden can or cup. When this was filled she put it into a pail until she had about five pounds of this rubber liquid or hervea. This took nearly a week because the hervea flows so very slowly. It reminded her much of milk or milkweed juice. Then she made a smouldering fire of leaves and a kind of nut that grows in the forests. Then she took a wooden paddle, dipped it into the juice, held it over the fire until the water evaporated from the liquid leaving a thin coat of rubber. She kept it up until she had a thick coat of rubber on the paddle. Then she scraped it off and rolled it into a ball. That night she proudly showed her father three balls of rubber about five inches thick. Frances sent the balls to a manufacturing company that made them into two dozen little balls for her to play with.

The Sixth Grade.

Mr. Price: "Sometimes, looking down when you're flying, you can see reflected in a cloud a circular rainbow around your plane."

Bill Miller: "If your head only had been there you would have been a saint with a halo."

V. Elting (walking through the country): Well, how's the little milk maid this morning?

Farmerette: Fresh! It's not made. The cow gives it.

SCHOOL
ORGANIZATIONS

1920-1921

Student Government
Dramatic Club
Athletic Association
The Purple and White

Student Government

Ex. Com., Upper School

Harriman Rogers, Chairman
Beatrice Ripley, Vice-chair-
man
Robert Clark, Secretary
Mary Hall
Willoughby Walling
Malcom Stevenson
Sylvia Haven

Ex. Com. Lower School

Doris Ferry, Chairman
Billy McEwen, Vice-chairman
Ralph Greenlee, Secretary
Jack Couch
Gertrude Edwards
Eleanor Sherman
Louise Badgerow

At the beginning of the fall term 1919, the first term of the North Shore Country Day School, it was proposed at a meeting of the entire school that a system of self-government be made. Accordingly, a committee for the drawing up of a constitution was elected. This committee set to work and after much delay submitted a constitution to the school. Upon approving it the classes elected their members to represent them according to the terms.

The council thus formed met at the beginning of the 1920-21 school year and took command of the student body. They operated for about a month and then reported that there was something radically wrong with the whole scheme of representation, for with the lower school representatives in the Council action was greatly delayed. So the old constitution was made void and work was begun on a new one.

This new constitution calls for an entirely different type of organization. There are two Assemblies, one of the entire Upper, the other of the whole Lower School. Each Assembly has its own Executive Committee elected from the whole Assembly instead of from Classes as before. It is too soon to say just how well the new system of Student Government is working, as we have not had adequate time to give it a good trial; but we feel that this time we have a method of government of the pupils, for the pupils, and by the pupils, which will prove entirely satisfactory.

Dramatic Club

Those days when we climbed the stairs of Knoellslea to sit at lunch together around the little board table in the Art Room seem long ago. There were five of us on the Executive Committee of the Dramatic Club: Elizabeth Jackson—Chairman, Harriman Rogers—Vice-chairman, Sylvio Havan, John Mordock, Rush Butler, and Katharine Mordock. Miss Taylor was helping us choose a group of short plays to work up this year. Each Wednesday noon we read and discussed plays until three were finally sifted out of the many.

Then came the days when a new committee, nominated by the old one and elected in Assembly, met in the English Room to judge the try-outs. The Upper School produced some good possibilities in actors, turning out with great enthusiasm.

As the Year Book goes to press the castes for the three plays are completed, and we hope to put on during commencement week Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon," Suderman's "Faraway Princess," and Marjorie Cooke's "Lady Betty's Burglar."

While the plays already given by different groups in the school do not come directly under the organization of the Dramatic Club, yet because they contribute definitely to our increasing knowledge of dramatic work it is fitting to mention them here. The French classes have put on two short plays, "Cendrillon" and *Un noel francais*; and are planning a third, "Jeanne d' Arc," to be given at the Garden Party. The Christmas play, put on by the Eighth Grade, fitly celebrated that season, and the Second Grade added to the sum total a little dramatization of Hansel and Gretel.

Athletic Ass'n.

Roger Sherman, President

President

Mabel Gilding, First Vice-
President

Katharine Adams, Secretary
Eleanor McEwen, Treasurer

(To be elected) Second Vice-

The Athletic Association is for the purpose of renewing or cancelling relationships with other schools, determining the official designs of the school emblems for the various sports, and for preventing misconduct of the student body on the Athletic Field or in the Locker Rooms. It is also the duty of the Association to uphold school spirit and to elect cheer leaders.

Whenever deemed necessary the President may call a meeting of the whole Association to deal with athletic matters pertaining to the school as a whole. But in order that the girls and boys may have separate meetings to take care of their own affairs each of the latter divisions of the Association has as head a Vice-President who has the power to call a meeting of her or his respective divisions at any time.

The dues of the Association are fifty cents a term and are to be used for purchasing the emblems of the various sports.

On account of the necessity of reorganizing our Student Government Constitution and of electing various officers and committees the Athletic Association has been a long time in the making. But now that we are well started, our Constitution ratified, and the majority of our officers elected, we all feel confident that this body will dig in and get things going.

THE PURPLE AND WHITE

Staff 1920-21

Editor-in-Chief: Robert Clark.

Ass't Editor: Sylvia Haven, Eleanor McEwen.

Sporting Editor: Charles Rudolph.

Magazine Editor: Eleanor McEwen, Katharine Adams.

Business Manager: Malcolm Stevenson.

Ass't Business Mgr.: John Mordock.

Reporters: Leslie Dickinson, Elizabeth Clore, Mary Ott, Vera McDermid, Katharine Adams, Martha Thomas, John Shaw, William Miller, Victor Elting, Austin Phelps, and Winston Elting.

The staff was organized about November first and the first issue appeared late in that month. It was the aim of the staff to bring out an issue twice a month, making a total of fifteen issues for the year. However, it was found impossible to adhere strictly to this schedule. The staff endeavored to keep the average up by running three issues in a month to make up for the months when only one appeared, and, at the time this is written, is struggling to get out the full fifteen issues before the end of school.

This is the Purple and White's second year, and several improvements and changes have been made from last year. The number of editors on the staff was cut and the number of reporters increased. The size of the sheet has been reduced from three to two columns, improving its appearance greatly. A most noticeable improvement is in the reading matter itself; the news is not so much "ancient history" as before, and nearly all the material shows improvement both in style and interest. The paper has made this year a normal growth and improvement in every department, and is now firmly established as a school institution.



ATHLETICS



R.C. Butler

The Football Season 1920

This year's football season shows that North Shore is gaining in skill and is strong in the spirit of fair play. The team, captained by Robert Clark and coached by Mr. Anderson, won two and lost three games.

North Shore, 20—Winnetka, 0.

North Shore, 0—Latin, 26.

North Shore, 7—Parker, 28.

North Shore, 7—Winnetka Juniors, 0.

North Shore, 0—Lake Forest, 21.

The 1920 line-up:

R. E.—S. Robinson.

R. T.—V. Elting.

R. G.—F. Crosby.

C.—J. Mordock.

L. G.—J. Shaw.

L. T.—R. Clark (Captain.)

L. E.—T. Robinson.

Q. B.—W. Miller.

L. H.—H. Anderson.

R. H.—J. Rogers.

F. B.—Rush Butler.

Substitutes—C. Dawes, P. Davis, and P. Williams.

Basket Ball: Boys

The first game was played here against New Trier Featherweights' second team. We were defeated. Following this North Shore played the Lake Forest Light Weight Team and lost 16-31. The first game with the Winnetka Juniors was played here and we were beaten 17-31. Then came a game with Parker who beat us 9-17. We lost 18-31 in our game with the Winnetka Juniors at the Community House and we lost 16-28 in our last game with Parker. We also lost a game to Milwaukee. Our final game, against Milwaukee Country Day, was the most exciting of the season. Our team was in fine shape and won 15-14. While the season did not bring us a bunch of fine scores it was certainly worth while. We got

a lot out of it and enjoyed every game we played.

Forwards: S. Thomas, M. Stevenson.

Center: R. Sherman.

Guards. H. Anderson, R. Butler, H. Rogers (Captain.)

The Baseball Season 1921

On account of The Mirror having to go to press so soon, we are not able to write a full account of the season. We have so far played against the Winnetka Juniors with a score of 5-1 in our favor. We gained a majority of our runs when Rush Butler knocked a three base hit with two men on bases, he himself coming in when the next man knocked a single. The following people played in the game: M. Stevenson, catcher; R. Sherman, pitcher; Rush Butler, 1st base; V. Kirk, 2nd; H. Anderson, 3rd; R. Clark, short stop; C. Rudolph, S. Thomas and F. Crosby as left, center, and right fields. The whole team played very well and is promising good work for the season.

We are scheduling several other games for the spring, among them one with the fathers of the boys in school and another with the Winnetka Juniors. The following hope to get in at least one of the games; W. Miller, H. Rogers, R. Hardenbergh, C. Dawes, J. Mordock, H. Champlin, V. Elting, E. Hinchcliff, W. Elting, A. Boal, L. Massey, E. Ashcraft and J. Shaw.

The Purple and White Contests

"Are there any announcements this morning?" Silence reigns. Suddenly a voice announces that the Purple and White teams played yesterday and the Purples won. The gymnasium rings with cheers and handclapping. Who are the Purples and Whites? What a question!

The school was organized into Purple and White teams at the beginning of the school year and contests have been carried on throughout the year. Results were given at morning exercises.

Three big contests have been held this year and the Purples have won two out of three. So great has become the enthusiasm that not only in the physical work have these contests been carried on, but also in the regular academic work.



The Girls' Basketball Season 1921

Forwards: Mabel Golding, captain; Leslie Dickinson.

Centers: Margaret Brown, Beatrice Ripley.

Guards: Ruth Stein, Christine Baumann.

Substitutes: E. Jackson, E. Clore, K. Mordock, H. Hardenbergh.

With hard practice and Miss Patch's excellent coaching the team was in good shape for the first game: Roycemore, in our gym, Saturday, Feb. 10th. The game was hard fought on both sides, and only by the good teamwork of our girls was it finally won with a score of 16-15. Both teams and their substitutes were afterwards entertained at luncheon by Miss Cornell.

Our next game, also played in our gym, was with Latin School, Saturday, March 12th. We were defeated by Latin, 31-9, but everyone said the team played a good, clean game and took its defeat in a sportsmanlike manner. Latin, on its part, showed fine spirit in the way it took its victory. We entertained the girls afterward at luncheon. This was the

last game of the season, for Parker and Faulkner were unable to play us.

Girls' Baseball Season 1921

The Baseball Team is as yet a thing of the future except for its partial organization. B. Ripley was elected captain, but a definite team has not been chosen. Several Purple and White and Interclass games have been played. One of great interest is the girls' first and second teams against two teams of the boys; the girls' first team was beaten 18-3 and the second 28-3.

The persons who seem at present in line for the team are K. Bulkley, pitcher; R. Stein, catcher; K. Adams or Mabel Golding, 1st base; L. Dickinson or E. McEwen, 2nd base, and B. Ripley, 3rd or field. Others almost as good are practicing hard for the outfield.

Note: Our game with Latin resulted in a score of 17-8 in our favor. It will probably be our only outside game.

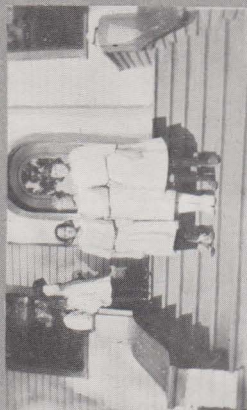
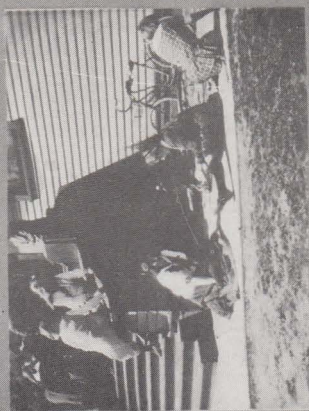
Hockey 1920

The Hockey Team played two outside games: Roycemore 1; North Shore 0, and Frances Parker 0, North Shore 4.

The 1920 Hockey team: Mary Hall, captain; K. Bulkley, R. Stein, M. Golding, L. Dickinson, B. Ripley, K. Adams, E. Clore, B. Groves, M. Ott, C. Baumann.

Can You Answer?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
On the crown of his head
What gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?





SOCIETY OF N.S.C.D.S.



We Start the Ball Rolling

After all we "old" Northshorians had recovered from the first greetings at the opening of school we decided to give the new Northshorians a rousing welcome. Accordingly we all met in the gym on Friday evening, September 23rd, ready for a good time. In addition to our regular entertainment, stunts, of course, were demanded of the new faculty and students to give them a chance to display for us their various talents. After their noble efforts we revived them with charades, dancing, and refreshments. We are all "old" Northshorians now, and that night when we didn't know each other so well seems long ago, doesn't it?

Ye Birthday of Ye Honorable Headmaster

Morning exercises were over; announcements had just been made; all were preparing for the chord which meant picking up the chairs and marching out. Suddenly a drone of saxophones came from the lobby and in marched a strange procession.

Six figures clad in their fathers' dress suits and wearing moustaches filed solemnly in, bearing upon their shoulders a sarcophagus. Other figures in the same garb played mournful tunes on saxophones. At the foot of the stage they halted and laid their burden upon the ground. The music ceased.

A Skelley-like figure stepped forward and as another wound his speech from the handle of a broom he began: "The august presence of the Headmaster is desired—" after which

HE came up and was presented with a lovely bright colored jazz-bo tie which he could snap in and out. This was lifted out of the sarcophagus. The reader proceeded: "Worthy Sir, by these presents known to all——" (here he paused and gazing high to the ceiling of the gym he shouted) "Sumus! Estis! Sunt!" wherewith he mopped his brow.

The rest is in Mr. Smith's office. If you haven't seen it, go at once. It is too good to miss.

November, 1920

They came in everything around;
Their garbs were very queer.
They even wore the Lost and Found,
And suits that fit too "near."

Our Mr. Smith displayed a hat
And green shirt most surprising,
While Skelley's lid and zebra socks
Were weird in their devising!

They all were out to make their mark,
Those queer ones who had come.
I'll say that we all had a lark
At our Hick Harvest Home.

The Christmas Bazaar

"What'll you bid for this doll?" "Buy your lollypops here."
"Tickets for the Musical." Does that remind you of anything?
We won't forget that Christmas Bazaar in a hurry. Wasn't the gym pretty with all the booths? Did you ever see such a fine Clean-up Committee, too? And didn't we have a good time? If you should forget what it was worth financially just step into our library to see the Encyclopedia Britannica, the new Latin Dictionary, and other results of that day's work. The "Bazaar Money" has been and still is a regular fairy god-mother. Next year we'll be on the job again. So be ready, everybody!

The Christmas Party

On the morning of the sixteenth of December we had a Christmas Party. The gymnasium was festive with decorations and a great Christmas tree stood at one end touching the ceiling with its top branches. The Upper and Lower School occupied opposite ends of the Gym while a throne for Santa was in the center. A loud jingle of sleigh bells! Santa came in, fat and rosy, covered with snow and carrying a heavy pack. All cheered and the eyes of the youngsters grew round with anticipation. Before Santa gave out his presents we gave him a little entertainment, children and grown-ups playing games, dancing together, and having a rollicking good time. Some of the younger children told Santa what they had been doing and he expressed his approval and seemed pleased. Then there was a hush. Santa rose from his throne, and taking a large-sized parcel from his pack asked "some very good child from the kindergarten" to come and get it and that they would please not open it until after the party. In this way a gift for every member of the Lower School was given out. The children were very much excited and could hardly take their eyes from Santa. We thought the party was over then, but no! Santa again drew forth a package. It was very small and we wondered whom it was for. "Mr. Robert O. Clark." That young gentleman stepped forward and Santa, after remarking on the service and spirit Bob had shown on the football team as its captain, presented him with a gold football, a gift from the team. A word about Toy Shop plans for next year, and Old Saint Nick taking his empty sack made his way toward the door, a crowd of little ones following him. He stopped on the threshold and turning, shouted, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and was gone.

The Sophomore Dance

On Friday evening of January twenty-first the Sophomores gave a dance. The Upper School and Faculty were invited to the affair. Promptly at eight o'clock the curtain went up, so to speak. Mrs. Childs and various Sophs stood in the lobby and welcomed the guests. The gym was brilliantly lighted and was decorated in red and white, the Sophomore colors.

In one corner was the punch bowl, around which there were more than a few people. The music began, there were a few dances, then a Grand March, a rush for partners and off we were! Rush Butler, as President of the honored class, led the Grand March. More dances followed punch, and still more dances, together with some figures like circles and grand right and left. Everybody was dancing with everyone else. At the height of the gaiety the music sounded the home curfew, for 'twas ten thirty. Taxidivers and chauffeurs appeared, asking for Miss—, or Mr. —. The gym was soon dark. The end of a perfect night!

The Junior Dance

Friday, the fifteenth! The Junior dance on that April night was a wonderful affair. There was a peppy jazz band, to which Van Kirk with his saxophone added a great deal. Wires were hung across the gym with streamers of blue and white suspended, and streamers were also hung along the walls. This took away from the height and bigness of the room, making it quite cozy. On the stage curtain was a large blue '22. The punch? It was beyond expression, which goes without saying. Mabel Golding of basketball fame helped to make it. One of the supposedly innocent Freshmen wore her hair up—a great surprise because of its shortness. A great many outsiders invited by the Juniors added to the general fun. Incidentally a fuse in the boys' club room blew out early in the evening. Somebody seems to know quite a bit about that fuse. This unfortunate accident forced participants of the pool game to retire to the dance hall and dance, so there were very few wall flowers.

Closing time came all too soon, and after a rousing cheer had been given to the Juniors the dance broke up. We all had great fun, Class of '22, and thank you.

The Easter Celebration

The Easter Program, planned and executed by an Easter Committee, was typical of the season. There was an opening song and a few minutes elapsed while we all held our

breath. Then Betty Miller stepped from behind the curtain and told a quaint story of an old church yard where the flowers were nodding their heads in the wind and the butterflies were sipping of their honey. When she finished the curtains parted and we murmured our wonder. There, in the background, was a church with a beautiful stained glass window, while the churchyard in the foreground blossomed with flowers portrayed by about ten of the Lower School children. And such colors—violet, yellow, pink, and blue, all were there in full glory. A little black and gold butterfly hovered about. In the midst of all the smaller flowers was the lily—tall, slender, and pure white—she stood guard over her children. Singing floated softly through the doorway of the church. It ceased, and the children were seen walking along on their way to church. They were happy; it was Easter, our Lord had risen, a good reason for joyfulness.

When the children disappeared into the doorway a tiny floweret asked the lily why the passers-by were so happy. Then the lily told them the most beautiful story the world has ever known: how Christ our Saviour was crucified only to rise again. With the close of the story a silence fell for a few moments, then voices were heard from the choir singing, and reciting Bible selections. It lasted only a few minutes, when the curtains closed again.

It was the most beautiful short program we have had this year, and I am sure that all of us who saw it went away with the feeling that we were glad to be alive.

The Senior Prom

Scene: In the Gymnasium on June 4th, 1921.

Characters: Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and partners. Also a few chosen "outsiders."

Remarks: It is planned to surpass all other dances. It is hoped to be favored with a clear night. It is to be decorated in all the glory of the gymnasium. There will be programs. All the revellers are welcome!

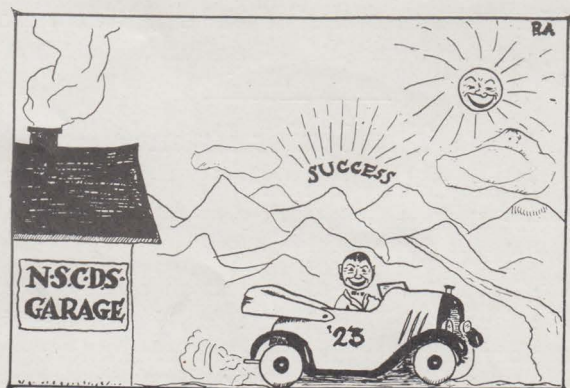
Curtain rises at a quarter of eight. Judge when the act is over.

Our First Commencement June, 1920

The first Commencement of the North Shore Country Day School was held in the gymnasium at four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 11, 1920. Mary Hall, Elizabeth Hall, and Bettie Weems constituted the first Senior Class. Pioneers were they along the road—few in number, but courageous in spirit. "Loyalty" was their class motto and no word could have been more fitting than this for the theme of the first commencement of the new school. It was the controlling thought of the program. The gymnasium was decorated in green and white, the colors of the Senior Class. The entire afternoon was marked by simplicity.

Program for Commencement Week, 1921

- June 4th, Saturday: The Senior Promenade.
- June 6th, Monday: Field Day.
- June 7th, Tuesday: The Dramatic Club Plays.
- June 8th, Wednesday: The School Luncheon.
- June 9th, Thursday: The Garden Party for the Seniors.
- June 10th, Friday: Commencement at four-thirty.



Not a hero

Rays of Light

The Streamlet

The streamlet trips lightly on its way
Gurgling, splashing, dancing, dashing,
E'er through the night and day;
Twisting, winding, always finding
Somewhere new to run;
And sometimes as it sweeps along,
It glistens in the sun.

Here it runs through a field of wheat
Bending before the breeze;
There 'neath a bridge with an arch of gold,
Laughing, gliding, slipping, sliding,
Never stopping for wind or cold,
But ever gliding on.
And sometimes as it sweeps along
It twinkles in the sun.

Now it meets the Mother River,
So long, so wide, so great.
The streamlet seems to be all a-quiver
Singing, flowing, bubbling, glowing,
As on with her it runs;
And sometimes as it sweeps along
It sparkles in the sun. —R. C. '24.

In Which Mr. Cheesie Meets Up with His Friends

"Well, well; I sure am glad ter see yer agin!" said Mr. Cheesie Mouse to Mr. Chocolate Mouse. Mr. Cheesie was a long, thin, awkward mouse. He had come to the school a short time ago in a basket of vegetables from the country. Having been born and brought up in the country, he talked in a very queer manner; unfortunately not using the best kind of grammar. Mr. Chocolate, however, had lived in the school all his life and consequently had absorbed the atmos-

phere of eduaction. For this reason he used very fine grammar.

"I am pestiferously glad to see you, I am sure," replied Mr. Chocolate in his best manner.

"What's been happenin' sence I saw yer last?" asked Mr. Cheesie.

"As you know," Mr. Chocolate began, "I reside, or rather my domicile is in the Manual Training Room. The students who use this most highly educating room have become, of late, very industrious. It seems that they desire to help a benign old man called Santa Claus, who needed some toys to give to poor children residing in Chicago. The students asked everyone to bring old toys so they could fix them over by lubricating the wheels and renovating the exteriors. The Manual Training Room is used as a repair shop, and I am forced to say that they do a great deal of very fine work."

Mr. Cheesie listened open-mouthed to this flowery speech, and although he understood but a few of the words he did his best to look intelligent after Mr. Chocolate had finished.

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed Mr. Cheesie brightening. "Why, there's one of them things goin' on over in the Domestic Science Room where I live."

"I should be very delighted to hear what is occurring in the Domestic Science Room," said Mr. Chocolate graciously.

"Anna Bell, she's the purtiest doll over there, told me" (here Mr. Cheesie looked very proud and assumed an air of great importance) "thet they was usin' it fer a cleanin', wig-fixin' and dress-makin' room. Gee! If you could 'a' seen the dolls an' toys there you would 'a' died!"

Mr. Chocolate looked offended, but Mr. Cheesie went on.

"There was some awful purty gurl dolls there and some men what had seen a lot of the world! In the daytime the gals what go ter this here school would come down and scrub them dirty doll clothes until they looked purty nigh white agin'. A teacher put Fido (he's the toy dog) inter some terrible hot water and took a lot of strong, smelly soap and scrubbed him. He was madder'n could be." Mr. Cheesie paused for breath, but suddenly exclaimed, "I'll be switched if thet ain't Mr. Grey Mouse a-comin' this way!"

It was Mr. Grey-Mouse. He was handicapped by his inability to talk plainly. His voice was very husky and he had to clear his throat quite often. He was gassed during his service "over there" and having just recently returned he wore his military clothes. When Mr. Grey joined them, there were many exclamations of joy at meeting an old friend again.

"Where, pray," asked Mr. Chocolate, "is your palatial abode situated?"

"Same old place," answered Mr. Grey. "Up in the Study Hall." (Clearing his throat.) By "same old place" Mr. Grey meant the place where he had lived before the war.

"Anythin' goin' on up there?" asked Mr. Cheesie.

"You bet," (clearing his throat) "there is," replied Mr. Grey.

"You don't say! What am it?"

"The kids are fixing the old books they brought" (a very long pause in which Mr. Grey vigorously cleared his throat) "so's they can send 'em to Santa Claus. Every afternoon after school a lot of boys and girls come up there with paper, scissors, paste and paint, and work awfully hard. When the books are finished they look nearly as good as—" (he cleared his throat again) "new."

"I been thinkin' it over, an' it seems ter me," said Mr. Cheesie, "thet these kids must hev some good stuff in 'em ter give all their play time ter make toys for poor children they never seen. Yer know, kids do like ter play."

"You have a very observing and kind eye, and I entirely agree with you," Mr. Chocolate said.

"And I've been a-thinkin' too thet sence we're school mice an' like the kids we ought ter do all we kin ter help 'em. One o' the ways we could help 'em is not ter chew up any o' their things any more. I guess we kin git along somehow if we don't," Mr. Cheesie earnestly suggested.

"Good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Grey.

"I for my part most solemnly pledge myself not to destroy any of their property," Mr. Chocolate rejoined. "I consider this, indeed, a most astounding idea."

—L. S. '24.

Quicksilver

The Junior Magazine Stand

Smart Set—Junior Class.
Rider and Driver—Bud Mordock.
Cosmopolitan—M. Golding.
Snappy Stories—Skelly Rogers.
Vanity Fair—Sib Haven.
The Country Gentleman—Mac Stevenson.
Life—Audy Phelps.
Youths' Companion—J. Hofeller.
Judge—Billy Miller.
American Boy—E. Hinchcliff.
The Outlook—Sam Thomas.
Good Housekeeping—V. McDermid.
Country Life—W. Walling.
Literary Digest—C. Case.
Ford Jokes—Pete Rudolph.
World's Work—Waiting for us.

Christine: "Miss Taylor, will you see if you can get anything out of this sentence I wrote? I'm not sure whether I understand what I mean or not!"

"Let Rush write up the Valentine Party; he was the Santa Claus in it."

Rush Butler's illustration of a relative pronoun: "John is a funny boy, he is."

She: "Were you ever decorated?"

He: "Yes, I got the Maltese Cross."

She: "How wonderful! What did you do?"

He: "I stepped on her tail."

Squirrel: "What will you give me for this joke?"

Monk: "A ten yard head start."

A Flea and a Fly in a flue were imprisoned;

So what could they do?

Said the Flea, let us fly;

Said the Fly, let us flee—

So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Mr. Swanson: "What does the reign of King Charles teach us?"

John: "Please, Sir, not to lose our heads in moments of excitement."

Miss Taylor: "Have you read 'The Last Rose of Summer'?"

E. Jackson: "Oh, no'm."

Miss Taylor: "Well, then what have you read?"

E. Jackson: "I have red hair."

Pearson: "Miss Taylor, I would like to know if there is such a thing as a Santa clause or a pro verb."

Mr. Smith: "Of what religion was LaSalle?"

Bright Student: "He was English."

M. S.: "I said, of what religion was LaSalle?"

B. S.: "Oh, he was French."

M. S.: "I said, of what religion was he?"

B. S.: "I mean, he was from Pennsylvania."

K. Bulkley (during a physics exam.): "Do you see yourself upside down in a mirror?"

Williams (at lunch table): I can't eat a bit.

Sam: That's too bad, old horse.

The School Magazine Shelf

Everybody's—Morning Exercises.

The **Green Book**—What a Senior thinks a Freshman is.

The **Saturday Evening Post**—What a student thinks about on Monday.

The **American**—Saluting the flag and standing at attention when it's ten degrees below zero.

Saint Nicholas—What the Faculty wish we were.

Pictorial Review—The fifth grade drawings in the gym lobby.

The **Popular Mechanic**—Willoughby Walling.

Eat and Grow Fat—The Nutrition Class.

Here's Hoping

That Austin's hair will some day stop curling.

That Chris's hairpins will stick in.

That Pete will grow.

That Monkey will lose his corduroy vest.

That Skelly will get fat.

That Willoughby will become ambitious.

A Few of the Latest (?) Song Hits

Holden Anderson—Me and My Gal.

Winston Elting—The Naughty Waltz.

Louise Sherman—Yellow Dog Blues.

Marjorie Janney—Just Like a Gipsy.

Marcell Vennema—There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl.

Margaret Brown—Chilly Bean.

Mary Elizabeth Couch—Fair One.

Ruth Copeland—Whispering.

Rosamond Coffin—Tell Me (Why).

Ruth Stein—The Vamp.

Barbara Graves—Fidgety Feet.

Beatrice Ripley—Freckles.

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